

# COBRA

*Secret of Sword*

THE SPACE PIRATE



BUICHI TERRASAWA

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## **Vol. 9**

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## Secret of the Swordsmen





I've heard rumors about this place, but man, what a dump. There's nothing but sand here.



This place is a jackpot of mineral resources. Royal radium reserves are particularly abundant.

But look at this detector. This is amazing.

This place makes the Sahara look like a sandbox in a playground.

Meaning a lot of people are comin' in trying to get rich, dotting this planet with holes.

Plus, this planet is still unexplored. It's in a remote region that's not even on the space map.

Sorry, it's not time for lunch yet. There's something on the radar, Cobra.

What's up, Lady? Is the toast ready?

No matter how much you dig, you won't get taxed.















They're still warm. It hasn't been long since they died...



Oh man. They're all dead.



Strange. They have their ray guns drawn.



Judging from the wounds, they were stabbed with something very sharp.



Really?

Crazy stuff. Oh, here's the shower. I'm gonna wash up.



Very strange indeed. The murderer had a blade... You would think the victims had the advantage.



If he shows up, let him know I'm in the shower.



What are you thinking? The killer is still out there! He could be in there!

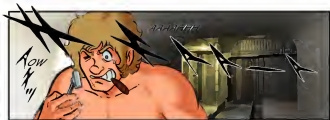














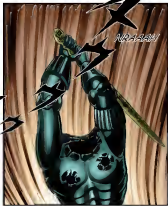




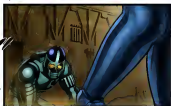




















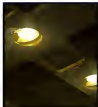
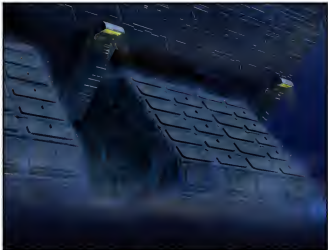






0000  
RUMBLE

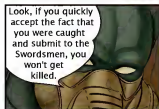








Where  
am I!?



Look, if you quickly  
accept the fact that  
you were caught  
and submit to the  
Swordsmen, you  
won't get  
killed.



Heh heh...  
welcome  
to hell,  
rookie.



They live  
here...!?  
But we're  
moving...



Yeah.  
This is  
where  
they live.

Swords-  
men!? You  
mean those  
armored  
freaks?



But what  
do the  
Swords-  
men  
want with  
us!?



We're deep  
inside one  
now.

Of course.  
Sand Rooks are  
moving castles.  
They dig into  
the sand and  
travel.





Everywhere  
you go,  
there'll be  
Swords-  
men...  
huh?



E...even if we  
could get out of  
this cell there's  
no way out  
of the Sand  
Rook.

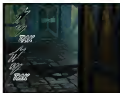


He...  
he did it.  
Now that's  
something.



Now where  
might Lady and  
Dominique  
be?





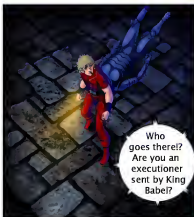
What's  
in this  
room  
...?



Phew,  
now that  
was a close  
one.



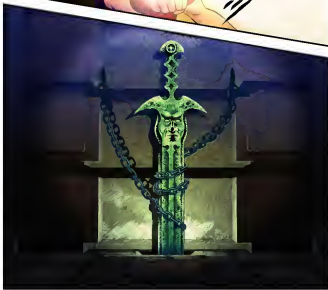
W...  
woah!



Who  
goes there!?  
Are you an  
executioner  
sent by King  
Babel?



Man,  
don't startle  
me like that.  
I thought  
you were  
alive.













He wanted the throne for himself, so he schemed to bring me down.

It's that cursed, treacherous Babel.



A king!? Why is a king about to get executed ...?



The Swordsmen have become a group of killers, slaughtering and pillaging everywhere they go.

After he became king, the Swordsmen have even forgotten their prided code of honor.



Yes, Swordsmen are hunters... We absorb life energy from our prey when we stab them. But we never killed humans.



How were things when you were king? There was talk of Swordsmen eating people.



So... Swordsmen acquired a taste for people after Babel became king.



Yes, this tyrant has even changed our code of morals.

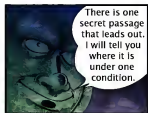


Unfortunately, you won't be able to escape alone.




If you were their king, you should know a lot about this ship. Is there any way out?

Yeah, hey listen. I don't really have time to hear about your morals.





*SHFFFF*



SHUFF



What do you say?  
I told you, it's impossible for you to escape alone.



Oh man, we're under quick-sand!?



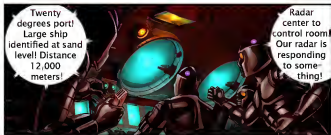
All right, fine.  
Let's partner up.  
What was your condition?



Current speed  
50 knots.

Pressure  
and circuit  
operation  
are stable

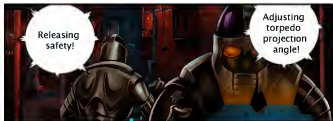
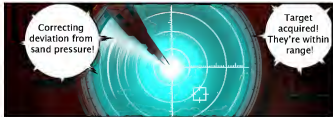
Current depth:  
5,000 meters  
below sand  
level.



Twenty  
degrees port!  
Large ship  
identified at sand  
level! Distance  
12,000  
meters!

Radar  
center to  
control room!  
Our radar is  
responding  
to some-  
thing!









Proceeding at  
a depth of  
500 meters!

Returning  
course to  
the original  
destination,  
the Planeteer  
colony!

Heh heh...  
The bigger  
the prey, the  
bigger the  
feast!

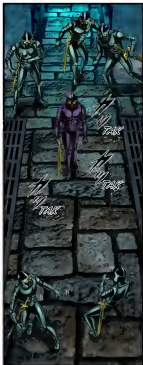
The colony is  
massive. There  
are said to be  
over ten thou-  
sand Planeteers  
there.

Now, we begin  
building our empire  
that will span  
all of Zados!

Swordsmen!  
The days of our great  
race wandering in  
a tiny ship are  
over!









It's hard to move around in this thing.



Nobody knows that King Babel had me locked up.

Naturally, they're shocked. I'm supposed to be dead.



But don't take him lightly. King Babel wields great power.



Yes... I will deliver my promise.

By the way, if we take down King Babel, you'll let me and my friends go, right?



That's why I'm acting as your suit of armor, right?

Swordsmen operate their armor using their force of will. After years of torture, I've lost that power.













Be  
careful  
what  
you  
wish for!

We must  
decide who  
the true  
king is.



I'm counting  
on you,  
old man.

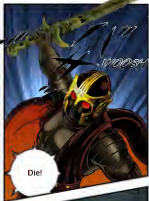


You will need  
my power to  
defeat him.  
You will see  
before long.



Hmph.  
I'm the one  
who has  
to do all  
the fighting.









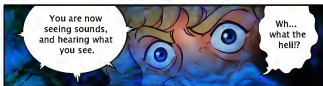


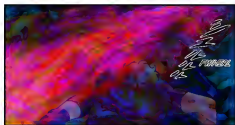
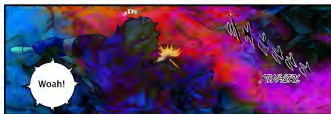


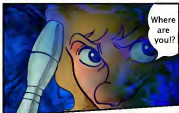
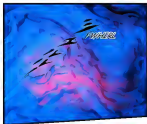




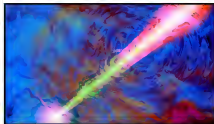


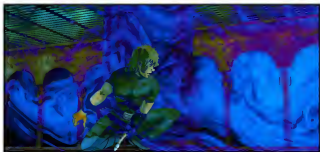


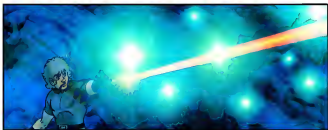




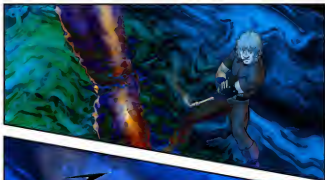
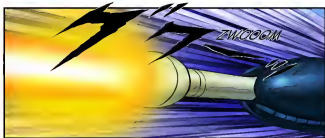














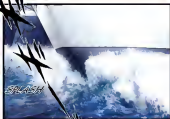






## Underwater Grave







Make  
mine hot,  
like your lips,  
Dominique!



Hey,  
should  
I make  
some  
coffee?



Phew...  
how many  
years has it been  
since I've relaxed  
like this?



Looks like  
it's on its way  
to the harbor  
in Osiris.

It's  
the Queen  
Galady...

Cut it out, I'm  
not in the mood  
for rough stuff.  
Hijacking always  
ends up getting  
someone killed.

Well?  
Doesn't that  
make you  
drool?

Well, aren't you the  
expert? Did you also  
know that that  
ship is carrying  
two billion dollars  
worth of gold?

KABOOM

BOOM

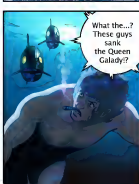
BOOM

Cobra  
the Pirate  
doesn't kill.  
And he's very  
smart about  
stealing.

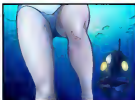
Exactly.





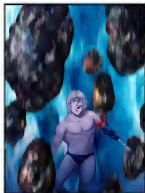


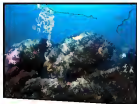


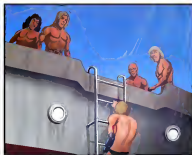












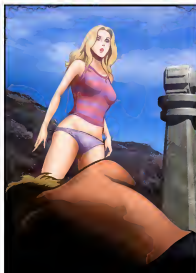
















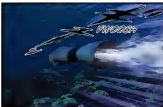
Cobra, huh? I've built up a tolerance to that. I'm pretty much pure Cobra.



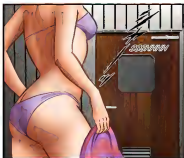
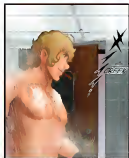
The Sea Bandits shot you with poisoned arrows.



They're a gang under the command of one of the Pirate Guild's chiefs, Iron Head. They sink ships carrying gold and take the loot to their base.





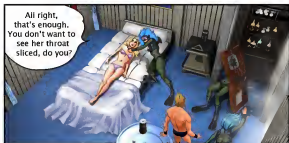












Haha, very predictable, Cobra. You calmed down quick.





I see.  
You can't  
breathe with  
your hair  
on fire.



Aaahhhhhh!

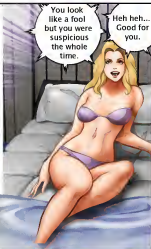


They breathe using  
their hair. They  
capture the oxygen  
in the water with  
the surface of  
their long hair.

Why do  
you think the  
Sea Bandits  
can breathe  
under water  
without  
oxygen  
tanks?

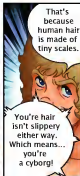


Wh...  
what  
do you  
mean?



You look  
like a fool  
but you were  
suspicious  
the whole  
time.

Heh heh...  
Good for  
you.



That's  
because  
human hair  
is made of  
tiny scales.

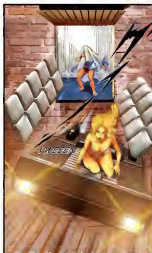
You're hair  
isn't slippery  
either way.  
Which means...  
you're  
a cyborg!



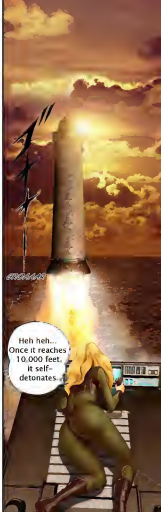
I noticed when I touched  
your hair. Human hair  
is slippery if you rub  
towards the ends, but  
not when you're rubbing  
it the other  
direction...



I see.  
That's why  
the killers came  
right after you  
found out  
I was on vacation.











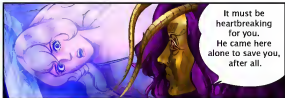












It must be  
heartbreaking  
for you.  
He came here  
alone to save you,  
after all.



...would be  
my greatest joy,  
Mr. Cobra!

Keh heh heh...  
But to have  
the pleasure  
of killing  
you...

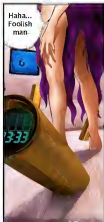
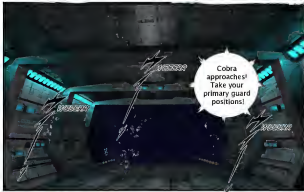


















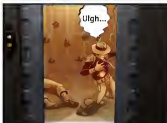




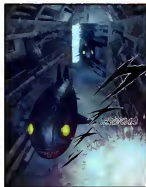










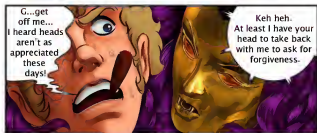


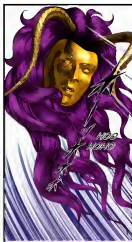


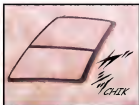


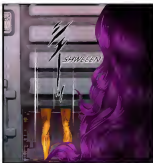












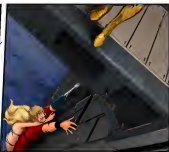








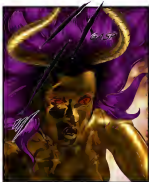
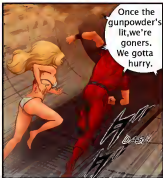




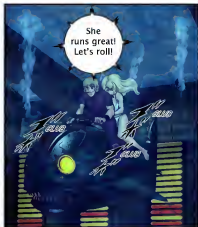
Bad day for her.  
She just learned  
what it feels  
like to be  
betrayed by  
one of her  
OWN.



Once the  
gunpowder's  
lit, we're  
goners.  
We gotta  
hurry.













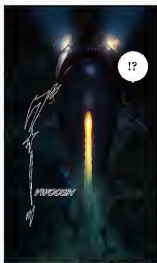




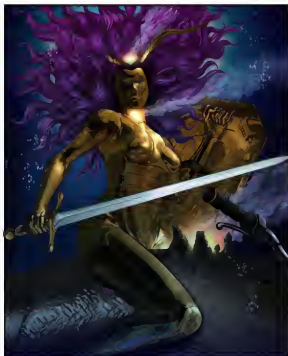


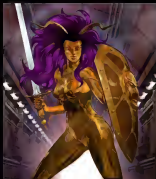










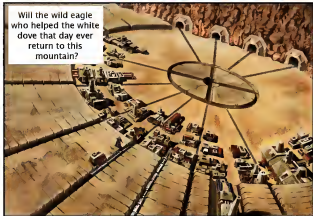




# Cobra Returns



Will the wild eagle  
who helped the white  
dove that day ever  
return to this  
mountain?



The waiting  
dove changed  
into a swan.



She has been  
waiting for the  
eagle since he  
disappeared into  
the skies of  
the East



This joint  
is so run  
down, even  
the singer  
is depres-  
sing.









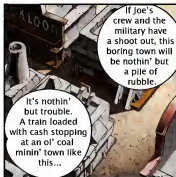




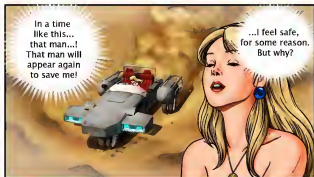


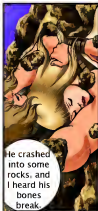


















I heard there's a big job to be done. I want in on it, for a cut.







We attack as the sun rises.

Our raid starts the day after tomorrow, in the morning.



Come on in, we got booze.

Bah hah hah. This guy's got guts. I like that. All right, you can join us.



We're going to jack the train before we attack.

Naw, they won't fire at us from the train.

It's a military train. They'll be equipped with big guns. How are we supposed to attack?



We equip our crew with Aqua-lung and have them enter through the water pipe they're resupplying with.



What!? How do you plan on gettin' in the train?



We're just going in to take the money. It'll be easy.

By the time we attack, the train will already be ours.



Then, we kill all the soldiers on the train while they're off their guard.







How did  
he get out  
of there...?

He's gone!

How...?

He won't  
survive  
a single  
kilometer in  
this desert  
without  
water.

Don't worry  
about it. Is he  
gonna walk  
back to town?  
It's 30 kilome-  
ters away from  
here.

What should  
we do, boss?  
Should we  
inform  
the guys in  
town...?























Why the hell are they so far out of town? That damn Doug, always screwing up our plans.



There it is, boss. The train.



The shots came from the train's direction!

Wh... what the hell is going on?



Wh... who is that?













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Author  
Buichi Terasawa

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